

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these, "HE'S home again!"

A LITTLE question like the freedom of the seas seems nothing at all to worry about to the woman who is just learning to walk in one of the new tight skirts.



Flattery is the morphia with which a woman drugs her husband, at this time of the year, so that the operation upon his pocketbook will be as nearly painless as possible.

Now that their Kaiser has been extracted, the German people must love President Wilson—just as one loves one's dentist, when he says, "There! That'll be all, for to-day."

At ten, a boy will spend a whole week's pocket money on a Christmas present for his sweetheart; at twenty, a whole month of agonizing thought; and at forty, a whole minute at the telephone ordering something from the florist's or the jeweler's.

Why does a woman go right on wasting time in "dolling up" after a few years of marriage? Because she is a WOMAN—and a woman never ceases to hope that her husband will some day awaken from the matrimonial coma—and SEE her.

With all this khaki and gold braid around, it is safe to predict that there will be less "wasted" mistletoe this season than ever before in the history of Christmas.

No, Sammie, it is NOT deceitful to kiss each girl as though she were the only woman in the world. She OUGHT to be the only woman in the world at that psychological moment and as far as that particular kiss is concerned.

Happy the man in uniform! Chaperons trust him, mammas angle for him, widows coddle him and debutantes cry for him!

Who Are Your Namesakes?

By Mary Ethel McAuley

STEPHEN.

STEPHEN was one of the first of the seven deacons who were chosen by the Church in Jerusalem at the instance of the Apostles. After a brief period of popularity he was accused before the sanhedrin as a blasphemer and stoned to death. Stephen was the name of nine Popes, and the King of England in 1550 was named Stephen.

Stephen Decatur was one of our greatest naval heroes. In 1812 Decatur's vessel was blocked by the English fleet while he was on his way through Long Island Sound. He was shut in for a year, and during that time Decatur declared that people on the shore gave signals to the enemy with blue lights. This gave rise to the name "Blue Lights" for political opponents of America's cause.

Stephen Alexander was an American astronomer who conducted an expedition to Labrador in 1860 for the sole purpose of observing the solar eclipse; and Stephen Burroughs was one of the first Arctic explorers who sailed north in his boat Secharthrift in 1586.

Stephen Girard was one of the greatest of Stephens. He was born at Bordeaux, France, in 1750, and at the age of 13 he began life as a sailor, but he swiftly rose to the position of Captain. After a number of years he gave up the sea for a mercantile career, which was very successful. Girard's greatest bequest was the Girard College which he gave to Philadelphia, and it was founded for the poor whites of that city.

It was a great loss to the world that Stephen Crane should have died at the age of thirty years, but his book, "The Red Badge of Courage," will always keep his memory alive. Perhaps our most popular song writer was Stephen C. Foster, the

It Took a Real Joke to Make Him Smile

THE grandson of "Sitting Bull," the famous Indian chief of America, was an interesting conversationalist in Base Hospital No. 46. He had enlisted in the early days of the war, had gone over the top and worked havoc among the Germans before he was wounded.

Nurses and doctors caring for him tried in vain to get more than a grunt out of him in response to questions, while the other men in the ward called him "Gloomy Gus," because he never cracked a smile.

The Red Cross representative in the hospital, becoming interested, tried his hand at "cheering up" the Indian. Gifts of cigarettes and chocolate were received but without a change of expression.

"Don't you ever smile?" he demanded of the Indian one day, and for the first time Sitting Bull's grandson grinned.

"Sure," he replied. "When I kill a Bocho!"

LATEST THINGS IN SCIENCE.
Porcelain money has been made in Stam for circulation among the natives.

Detachable uppers enable a new shoe to be worn as a slipper when desired.

There are salt mines in Poland that have been worked for more than six centuries.

To prevent nursing bottles breaking a soft rubber guard has been invented to incase them.

Six per cent. of the line of a Swiss railroad is over bridges and 13.5 per cent. through tunnels.

Xmas Shopping

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By Maurice Ketten



The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

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All Klub Cousins Are Invited to

"The Wishing Ring"

A Fairy Play by Cousin Eleanor to Be Given at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, On the Morning of Tuesday, December 31

Your Kiddie Klub Pin Will Admit You and One Adult Escort

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

Dear Cousins o' Mine:

Whenever there is something particularly interesting and new in Klub news to tell I like to have it appear in the Kiddie Klub Korner first because then all the kiddies know it first.

Now here is a bit of news that has not appeared in the news columns and no grown-up folks know about it. They do not even suspect that Miss Margaret Curtis of the Metropolitan Ballet School is going to train and rehearse "The Wishing Ring" Ballet. Miss Curtis is head of the school in the absence of Miss Bertheven. Is that not just wonderful?

Every Kiddie Klub member who takes part in our Christmas play and every one, cousins, relatives and friends, who comes to see "The Wishing Ring" will have a great many notable people and charming children to thank for the most delightful and thoroughly artistic entertainment they have ever enjoyed.

And bye and bye when the charming children grow up and do something worth while in the world it will be nice to recall that you saw the beginning of their careers, and Mr. Stuart Walker, Mr. Carl Edouard, Miss Margaret Curtis and Mr. Morris Goss will all be proud and glad that they have helped in their development.

Cousin Eleanor.

CHRISTMAS AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

One morning the postman brought May a letter. It was from her Cousin Dora, who invited May to spend Christmas with her at the lighthouse. Mother said she might go.

May had never seen a lighthouse, and when Dora and Uncle John met her and pointed to the tall, round tower on a high rock out in the water, she was a little frightened. But she got into the flat boat, and Uncle John rowed them over to the lighthouse.

Such a funny house! On the inside there were steps and steps and steps which went round and round the house, all the way up to the top where the big light was kept. Dora showed May her pretty room, then she took her up to see the light. "We have no fireplace," said Dora, "so we shall hang our stockings up here by the light. I always hang mine here so that Santa Claus can see it."

"But how does he get here?" asked May.

"I don't know, but he always comes."

On Christmas Eve Uncle John called the children. "Come, girls, it is time to hang up those stockings. We will put them near the light where Santa Claus will be sure to find them."

After the stockings were hung up Uncle John told them stories of the sea until bedtime. When May went to bed she was still wondering how Santa Claus could ever get to the lighthouse. She never found out, but in the morning the two little stockings were full of nuts and candy with a big orange at the top of each.

"He came, Dora, he came," cried May, "and oh, see the toys!" There were dolls and a toy train, not to mention a new book and a box of dimes for May and a toy piano for Dora and some books and games on the floor. "This is the pleasantest Christmas I ever had," said May.

By MARGUERITE MURPHY, aged ten years, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.
The fairies were dancing Among the green trees To music entrancing. The sound of the breeze. 'Twas midnight's cool hour When danced they around But hushed not a flower. They grew on the ground. For every fairy Who danced on that night Was dressed in light and airy robes of pure white. So soft and so tender. They kept them in air. So all in their splendor Toured not the earth there. But flitted and bounded With infinite grace While Zephyrus sounded. A soft call through space. And not a thing feared they Until the dark cleared. And then, when it neared day, They all disappeared. By THOMAS H. DAYTON, aged fifteen.

NOVEMBER CONTEST AWARD WINNER.
"My Prayer to Santa Claus." Oh! Santa dear, if you can hear My prayer to you to-night, I know you won't forget me. For I'll pray with all my might. And if you'll listen I'll tell Of all the things I love so well. A doll in my chief delight. I know you won't forget me. A painting set in red and blue. For drawing something nice and new. A game, some books, any just a few. To while away an hour or two. A pair of ice skates shining bright. That I may enjoy a moonlight night. And now, dear Santa, on bent knee, Send me a bicycle nice and new. By VIRGINIA M. HOY, aged twelve, Perth Amboy, N. J.

My Prayer to Santa Claus.
Dear Santa Claus, I thank you For the things you give to me. And I don't want to forget you. Our boys across the sea. Who fought so bravely, nobly To protect us over here. I pray that they get lots of things Each one his heart to cheer. And also, Santa, cheer the hearts Of the kiddies over there. So that they will be happy And each one gets their share. Give to the soldier and sailor boys And the kiddies across the sea. Then, Santa, if there's something left Please send it down to me. By ERNESTINE KIRSCHNER (aged nine years), New York.

PENNANT WINNERS.
Margaret Julia Gilligan, Brooklyn; Viola Oppenheimer, New York City; Edwin Steinach, New York City; Helen Lawrence, Roosevelt; L. L. Helen Zimmerman, Haverhill; Heights, N. J.; Billy Ratford, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sylvan Leavy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rose Buckmaster, Haverhill; L. L. Sophie Grossman, Jersey City, N. J.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.
Beginning with any number of 100,000 up to 1,000,000. Send your name, address and age to the Editor, The Evening World, 100 Park Row, New York City. Enclose a recent photograph of your face. All children up to eleven years of age may become members. Each member is presented with a Klub Pin and membership certificate.

COUPON NO. 404

THE TRAIL TAKES ENDERBY TO MORE JEWELRY SHOPS AND MORE IMITATIONS OF THE FAMOUS NECKLACE ARE FOUND

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
In Chapter I, a detective named Enderby, who was a member of the famous "Black Pearl" club, was called to the attention of a woman named Miss Hamilton, who was a member of the club. Enderby was called to the attention of Miss Hamilton because she was a member of the club and was a member of the club.

CHAPTER III.
I SPENT the next two or three days in quiet work here and there. The most considerable advance I made was in picking an acquaintance with McArdle, the property man of Miss Hamilton's. From him I heard any amount of gossip. McArdle was of the glib, conversational type and very free with his opinions.

Discreet questioning satisfied me that McArdle was quite unaware that a robbery had been committed in the theatre. If he did not know of it, certainly it was not known.

Out of bushes of gossip I sifted now and then a grain of valuable information. He informed me that Roland Quares was in love with the star. For some reason that I could not fathom he was especially bitter against the young leading man. He could rail against him by the hour, but there seemed to be no solid basis for his dislike.

"Does she favor him?" I asked. "No," he said. "She's got too much sense. He's a four-flusher, a counter-jumper, a hall-con boy!" "Who's to be ahead of him?" I asked with strong curiosity.

"There's a damn regular," said McArdle. "But if you ask me, the jeweller is ahead in the running." "The jeweller?" I said, pricking up my ears.

"Spanish looking gent with whiskers," said McArdle. "Keeps a swell home on the corner. Mount his name is. He's a wise guy. Does the old family friend act, see? He's a liberal fellow. I hope he gets her."

"This bit of information gave me food for thought."

Later I went to the store of Roberts, the manufacturer of artificial pearls. This place was as well known in its way as Mount's, since Roberts had married the Duke of Downshire and the public had learned that the pearls his Grace had presented to Miss Van Alstyne on the occasion of their marriage were phony.

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